Lurking in the Water

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IT's back. After 27 years of peace, the town of Derry Maine is once again terrorized by the psychotic, murderous clown, Pennywise. Blaire Kurkshaw and the 2013 losers club try their hardest to keep their head as they are terrorized, but if they aren't careful, they could lose much more.

Lurking in the Water

Derry, Maine. September 2013.

The sewers reeked with the scent of shit and piss, shoes floating from 27 years ago. 27 years of peace in this undisturbed grey water, well, besides the rats and other vermin that lurk. The scent is revolting, eye watering. The only problem, this peace wasn't to last. As a rat scurried on a side platform, it is snatched off the ground and it's head ripped off by countless rows of teeth. A once white glove now stained with the red of blood and a pair of glowing yellow eyes dart as the sounds of running feet pass overhead.

October.

"What are you running from, you fat piece of shit?" Justin Walkers shouted, three of his fellow football players chasing after the chubby 9thth grader, Christopher Mathews. Justin, unlike Christopher, was a jock, captain of the football team, standing 6'2, weighing in at 200 pounds of straight muscle and idiocy, possibly from one too many concussions. As a senior, he believed it was his job to put all the fresh meat in their place. However, Christopher and his friends had been a target of Justin's since he was in the 5th grade. He had always been a bit short and a bit heavy. Acne did not help the poor boy from the heartthrob that had (almost) all the ladies falling at his feet. The worst part was, when by himself, Justin was actually fairly nice to the boys, but when in the public eye, that was a different story.

Justin's goons, Tyler Melkins, Ryan Stellario, and Alexander Folks, were slightly shorter carbon copies. The worst part was they knew that half the shit they pulled was wrong, but they were too scared that Justin would ruin them, both physically and socially. "Your little friends can't help you, fat ass!" Tyler yelled while grabbing to handle on Christopher's backpack, pulling back and tearing him to the ground.

Christopher groaned in pain as he rolled from his back and got on his hands and knees only to be kicked down. The four boys began kicking the kid repeatedly. No one would stop them from beating the shit out of this kid for just existing, except, maybe Blaire Kurkshaw.

“Walkers!” her voice rang as her car came to a screeching stop. She put it in park next to the sidewalk and got out, walking to the now lined up group of boys.

“Hey Blaire,” Justin said, his voice not matching the vicious act he was just committing. Blaire was one of the most popular girls in school, not because she played the right sport or had money, which of course she did; she was known for being as beautiful on the inside as she was on the outside. Her cheerleading uniform had a slit on her upper thigh, which allowed her to show sass as she stuck one leg out and had her hands on her hips. Her long hair was pulled into that high pony tail that made Justin want to take her upstairs for a few hours.

“Don’t, ‘Hey Blaire’ me,” she said angrily. She moved forward, pushing passed the boys and offered a hand to Christopher and she did her best to help pull him up. “Get in the car,” she said pointing to the mini-van, which is what she usually used when she was picking up the ‘Losers club’ of 2013. Somehow, hanging out with the freshmen outcasts did nothing to the junior’s reputation. Christopher nodded and hurried to the car, not wanting to make his best friend any angrier.

He buckled his seatbelt and looked out the window at Blaire and she stood in front of the Quaterback. Their jerseys matched and he sighed. He was sure if Justin wasn’t such a prick, they probably would still be together. He watched her look up at him angrily and poke his chest, his friends behind her, looks of fear across each of their faces as she yelled. He said something, gesturing to the van and she gasped before slapping him across the face. She walked away, her white sneakers stomping as she hopped the curb and went around the car. She got in, slammed the door and started the car.

“Did he wanna fuck?” a voice in the back asked.

She squinted and took a look in her mirror at the four boys in the back. “Shut up, Paul,” she said finally while buckling her seatbelt. Paul Fitzgerald snickered from the way back. His flannel hung off his tiny frame. Big talk for such a little guy. Beside him was the second smallest of the group, Nicolas Bog. Possibly one of the smartest kids in the high school, in fact, he actually had some classes with Blaire.

In the middle row on the left was Stephin Walkers, the most attractive of the Losers, and the younger brother of Justin. He recognized his brother was a complete tool and often apologized for it in his cool manner. And finally, next to him, was Frank Williams, unlike the rest of the boys, frank was rather quiet, social anxiety playing a strong role in his life.

Christopher watched her dainty hands as they turned the car on and put it in drive.

“It would make sense,” Stephin said, fiddling with his new phone. “Put your seat belt on, Blaire,” he said and she rolled her eyes and did so. “It’s 9 tonight right?” he asked, referring to when everyone would be going to his house, as his parents were gone for the weekend, as they often were. They were marketers for a large pharmaceutical company that was currently storming the East coast.

“Wait, you guys aren’t coming to the game first?” Blaire asked, sounding a little bit more worried than she would have liked. She didn’t want to give anything away but she needed them to be there. “What was the point of me picking all of you up then? I have to be there in 10 minutes.” She said gesturing to the clock on the van.

“We were going to stay until halftime,” Christopher said. “That’s when you girls are doing your dance, right?”

She sighed In relief and smiled. “Yeah!” a conversation picked up in the back and Blaire continued to look at the road. “Shit, guys I’m sorry, I can’t come tonight.”

“What?” Paul asked. “And why the fuck not?”

She raised a brow at him. “Well, you idiot sandwich, the girls wanted to go to that party at Steven Goody’s place and I’m head cheerleader so I have to appear.”

“Are you sure you should be going ot that?” Nicolas asked.

“Awe, Nicky are you worried about little old me?” she asked as she turned a corner.

“Blaire,” Frank spoke up. “Kids are going missing; maybe going to a

party where there are a bunch of drunk people isn't the best idea."

"They are like 5 year olds," she said. "Don't get me wrong, it's tragic and I hope the searches come up with something. Speaking of that, are you guys going to get a ride home?"

Stephin raised a brow, "Blaire, I live a 5 minute walk from the school."

"Then why the hell aren't you walking to the game? Making me pick your ass up and shit," this made the boys laugh and she pulled into the high school parking lot and into an open space. Tonight was the championship game so naturally the place was packed.

The boys sat in their normal spot, directly in front of the cheerleaders, the only reason they go to any of the games is to support Blaire. Well that and to stare at the girls, all 20 of them. It was half time and the boys were only waiting for the halftime show before they were going to leave. They watched as five groups of four lined up in front of them. Blaire smiled as the coach held all of their boards they had made; ready to give them to the girls once they were up in their stunts. Blaire shouted the count as music started to play and one by one, the smallest girls on the time where lifted into the year, Blaire the first one up. They pushed her to a full (which is a stunt where the hold her high in the hair with straight-arms rather than at their chests) and did the same with the other four girls.

The boys cheered along with the rest of the school as Blaire hopped slightly going into a Lib, standing on one foot as the bases under quickly moved to hold her up. Her coach threw a board up and they got confused as each girl held one up, Blaire holding up Stephin's name, Bridget withers holding Paul's, Courtney Smalls with Nicolas's, Tess Shwarts with Frank's, and finally Iliza Duley with Christopher's. The music came to a stop and the five girls smiled and shouted, "Can we cheer you on at Cotillion?" Before the others could even react, Paul shouted, "Hell yeah!" she thought for a moment and shouted, "Shit." His hand dived into his pocket and pulled out his phone and then he pulled up the camera option. "Can you take a photo of this?" he asked to the kid sitting behind him who, like the rest of the student section, was completely confused as to why the cheerleaders just asked the freshmen losers to the cotillion. He slowly took the

phone and the girls held the signs above their head and the guys positioned themselves so the camera would get everything

This didn't stop the boys from leaving though, they talked to the girls and when the second half started they left and went to Stephin's house. They four of them proceeded to go to the home theater and watch horror movies from the 80s. They constantly gave Stephin shit for how much money he has, and the fact they have a home theater. It was around three in the morning when Justin walked in, he too had gone to the party that Blaire was at but the difference was, he wasn't drink. That was something that set him apart from the rest of the football team, refusing drugs and alcohol. The boy would not even smoke weed. He looked at the boys. "Sup losers," he said, moving to the fridge in the home theater and grabbed a coke. He plopped down on the free seat and listened to the boys respond, stating they had just been watching their movies.

He finished the last half an hour of Stay Alive before Stephin's phone rang. "Hello?" he answered.

His ears were filled with a shaky voice, one that belonged to Blaire. "Stephin," she whimpered. "Is Justin there?" she asked in a whispered tone.

"Blaire? Yeah whats going on?" Stephin ased, silencing the television and shushing all his friends. "Where are you?"

"Is he sober?" she quietly sobbed while also slurring her words. "Can you give him the phone?"

Stephin thrusted the phone towards his brother who raised a brow, sitting up from his lounging position and his letterman jacket fell to a normal position. He took the phone and said, "Hello, this is Justin." His eyes shot open wide when he heard her sobs. "Blaire, woah what's going on?" the five boys all sat at the edge of their seats, trying to hear what the crying girl was saying. "Blaire who did you leave with?" he questioned. He sighed and grabbed the bridge of his nose. "He did what?" he practically screamed. "Are you at his apartment?" he waited for a few seconds. "I'm coming. Get some clothes on, I'll be there in less than five minutes."

“What’s going on?” Christopher asked, worry in his voice as Justin hung up and bolted for the door way. He stopped for a moment and looked at the ground as Stephin turned on the lights for the room.

Justin stayed quiet for a moment, unsure of how to tell his little brother the information he was just given. That was his best friend. Blaire was his little brothers best friend and the only girl he had ever cared about, just was too scared to actually make a move. Shit hours ago she slapped him in the face for calling those five freshmen losers. It would make sense as to why he was scared to tell her. “Blaire got raped,” he said grabbing the door frame. “Go into Clara’s room and get some clothes ready. I’ll be back in ten.” He hurried out of the room and the guys heard the front door slam.

“Holy shit,” Paul muttered.

Stephin shot upward, running out of the room towards the stairs so he could go to his sister’s room. Clara was the oldest of the three and was away at Boston university, so she wouldn’t mind if they borrowed some clothes. He went into her closet and approached her dresser, throwing drawers open looking for sweatpants and a sweatshirt. He also opted to grab some fuzzy socks for comfort. “Christopher, get water, she sounded drunk,” he called as he exited his sister’s room and headed into the bathroom to grab a trashcan in case she had to throw up. “Frank, grab the blanket from the mudroom closet. Nicolas get some bread and Paul, don’t be a dick.”

He came running down the steps and into the theater to see they all had followed his directions. They all sat there quietly, waiting for Justine to get back. After about five minutes, Christopher spoke up. “Remember when we first met her? When she was dating Justin? That was the only time he didn’t harass us. Besides when we are all alone here that is.”

“God she had him whipped,” Paul said. “I remember when she became friends with us. She punched Justine in the face for terrorizing us and then dumped him.”

After about 10 more minutes, they heard the front door bust open. They all stood and ran to the foyer to see Justin carrying Blaire, who was sobbing into his neck. He used his foot to shut the door behind

him. “Clothes,” he demanded. Paul ran to the theater and returned with the clothes. He held them out, Justin managed to take them, and brought her to the first story bathroom, the boys following close behind. He used his foot to put the toilet seat down and carefully set her down. “Blaire,” he said kneeling in front of her as she sobbed into her hands. “This isn’t your fault.”

“Should we call her dad?” Frank asked.

“No!” everyone shouted, including Blaire. Justin shook his head. “Her dad is the sheriff and has a bad temper. If he found out she was drinking he would kill her. We have to at least wait until she’s sober enough to make any choices. It isn’t our choice to make for her.” He looked at her. Her cheerleading uniform was crooked and she looked uncomfortable. “Blaire, I need you to take off your uniform, I have more comfortable clothes for you.

“Okay,” she cried while drunkly nodding. She started to pull of her shirt and Justin really quickly shut the door. She brought it over her head but got stuck with her arms up. Her sports bra was the only thing covering her top half and he looked at her stomach and ribs to see she was covered in bruises. “I’m stuck,” she cried.

“Is it okay if I help?” Justin asked.

“Please,” she said. He carefully grabbed the head hole and pulled it open widely for her to get her head out of it and she did. She did her best to stand, quickly pulling off the spandex under her skirt, and put her hands on the wall, facing away from him. “can you get the skirt?” she slurred. He hesitated and she said, “Don’t worry, I’m wearing underwear.” He slowly reached over to her, unbuttoning the skirt before unzipping it and letting it fall to the ground. She turned around and he looked down at her, her cheeks were smeared in black from her running mascara. He handed her the sweatshirt which she pulled on and then handed her the sweatpants, holding her steady so she could pull them on next.

“What did he do to you?” he asked as she looked at him. There was a look of fear the he had never experienced.

Her eyes filled with more tears. “He didn’t do anything wrong,” she

said. Justine furrowed his brows.

“Blaire, he forced you to have sex with him,” he said.

She shook her head and he filled with confusion. “No, he didn’t. when I left the party with him I knew what we were going to do. When… when it was happening, I looked out the window… I looked out and… god, you’re going to think I’m crazy. Can we sit down?” she grabbed her head and sighed. “I’m not that drunk I stopped drinking at 1.”

Justin sighed and opened the door, picking up her uniform and leading her out to the dead, through the hall towards the theater. “Stephin,“ he said handing him the uniform. It was drenched it what seemed to be a strong mixture of jungle juice. “Throw this in the washer.” Stephin disappeared and the boys did their best to move the couches so they could actually see their friend as she explained what happened. “Blaire, I promise, no one is going to think you’re crazy.”

Christopher handed her the bottle of water and she shakily brought it to her lips. She finished taking a sip and she put the cap on it as Stephin hurried back into the room. “We left the party shortly after you did,” she said, pointing to Justine. She wiped tears. “We got back to his place and started to do… it. I… I looked out the window and I saw these eyes, glowing yellow eyes staring at me and after a second, I saw him as a whole. There was this giant ass man. I’m talking like seven feet tall. He was dressed in a clown costume. He was in like this terrifying white clown costume, huge head. He was just staring at me, Justin.” She put her head in her hands. “He waved at me.” She pulled her head up and looked at Justin. “I starting crying and screamed for him to stop and he did. He seemed just as scared as me but for an entirely different reason. I literally blinked and the man was inside, standing in the corner with this fucking red balloon. Thomas started freaking out, saying he thought I was okay with it and wanted to. Then he just kept apologizing before he put on clothes and left.” She rolled up her sleeve to show a set of bruises looking like a giant fingers.

“Holy shit,” Paul said.

“How did I not see that in the bathroom?” Justine asked, carefully

taking her arm.

Blaire sat on the bed, trembling. Thomas was pulling on some pants and sat down in his desk chair to pull on his timberland boots, shakily breathing. “I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean to hurt you, Blaire,” he said, standing up. Over his shoulder, Blaire could still see the glowing yellow eyes in the darkness of the corner. She couldn’t speak, tears flowed as she hugged her knees, tightly holding the blanket to her bare skin, the lump in her throat almost choking her. Thomas looked at her, fear on his face. He though she was looking at him like some sort of monster, not knowing of the one that lurked behind him. “I’m sorry, I… I need to go for a walk,” he said, pulling on a sweater.

“Thom..” she stuttered out as he hurried out of the bedroom. The man in the corner stayed silent as Blaire stared at him. She heard the door to his apartment slam shut. Her heart raced and she began to sweat more than she already was from sex. He released the balloon he was holding, letting it float up to the ceiling. “Wh-what are you doing here? Who are you?”

The man took a step forward, stomping as he did. She saw a cruel, crooked smile emerge onto his face, showing beaver like teeth inside his bright red lip. “I didn’t mean to interrupt, Blaire,” his child like voice sounded, making her move further from him into the head board of that queen sized bed. “Were you having fun?” he asked, fake happiness illuminating from him. Only it wasn’t fake, he could feel her fear.

“It’s not Halloween yet,” she said, trying to stop her tears. “Even if it were, you have to be some kind of crazy to sneak around in something like that!” she almost screamed. “How do you know my name? Who are you?” she questioned again

He chuckled in front of her. “Why, everyone knows you, Blaire Kurkshaw,” the clown said. He walked along side of the foot of the bed. He was staring at her and he stopped at the bed’s edge. “And to answer your question, I’m Pennywise! Pennywise the dancing clown!” he jumped up in the air and did a spin. He looked at her terrified face and frowned, “Been on quite the high horse, huh?” Blaire didn’t answer, for a moment, the clown’s face went blank, his lower lip went limp, drool pouring from his open mouth. He shook

his head. “It’s not polite to ignore people,” he said, stepping forward. “And you’re all about politeness, aren’t ya’?” Blaire didn’t answer, she just stared at him in horror. “Get up,” he muttered. When she didn’t move, pennywise lurched forward, grabbing her wrist and pulling the naked girl from the bed, slamming her against the wall. She used her free arm to cover her chest and turned her face from his as he leaned closer. “Don’t be Rude!” his voice bellowed in such a horrific way, she began to cry, if possible, even harder than she already was.

“I’m s-sorry,” she cried. The grip on her forearm tightened and she whimpered.

“That’s better,” he said, moving slightly back so there was some space between them. He inhaled deeply, his cruel smile only widened as she forced herself to look up at the giant man. “That smell, sweet, beautiful, delicious fear.” His voice sounded raspy and low. “But that is for another time,” he said, forcing himself to release her. Without another word, he disappeared out the door. Blaire cried loudly and hurried to her pants on the floor, searching for her phone even though she had no real idea on who she should call.